

"Come Bid Me Farewell in My Lonely Grave!"

How an English Girl's Response to the Dream-Call of Her Murdered Explorer Lover Took Her 4,000 Miles Through Savage Africa and Won for Her the Applause of Scientific Societies

AFTER travelling nearly 4,000 miles through some of the most savage parts of Africa to personally lay a wreath of flowers on the lonely grave of her betrothed husband, Miss Olive MacLeod has returned to England amazed to find herself acclaimed the most remarkable of the world's women explorers.

Scientific societies are eagerly

ill-fated expedition.

Lieutenant Alexander had provisionally headed the British expedition to Cape de Verde Islands, and also the expedition to Fernando Po, where he made the first ascent of Mount St. Isabel. His last, and fatal, attempt to explore the unknown was as leader of the Alexander-Gosling expedition across Africa from the Niger to the Nile.

In May, a year ago, the British

MacLeod on her return was, herself, silent. From other sources, with difficulty, it was learned that up to the time of the expedition's arrival, with an escort of eighty natives, at the village in the French Congo, near which Jose Lopez had buried Lieutenant Alexander, Miss MacLeod seemed oblivious to any and all obstacles in the way of progress toward that all important destination. It seemed as though the spirit



Why "Making Up" Brightens a Woman's Wits

defect—a scar, a poor complexion, or bloodless lips, for example—is enormously handicapped. The knowledge of her defect, the thought that others may notice and talk about it, makes her shy and lacking in self-confidence. She shuns other people's society on this account and becomes morbid and miserable, missing much of the joy in life.

Now, why should such a girl be punished for a defect that she can conceal?

There have been cases of lives absolutely ruined simply because of complexion troubles, and cases where women have become happy and useful members of the community through making-up.

So long as a woman's make-up is not so obvious as to be objectionable her means to an end are justifiable. She does no one any harm, and she does herself a great deal of good.

The knowledge that her particular defect is no longer visible to all beholders gives her a contented mind, and that has its inevitable result upon her character and outlook on life.

She becomes self-possessed instead of self-effacing, a welcome acquaintance instead of a shunned one.

Actresses are women for whom one should have the warmest admiration. They are mostly warm-hearted, sensible and cheerful. That is because they make the best of themselves in face and form.

Where make-up is employed artistically for the purpose of making attractive and is not conspicuous, what harm can there be in it?

You might just as well say that a man has no business to shave and part his hair straight every morning.

There is no doubt that the use of cosmetics reacts upon a woman's mind and character. Few women can go through life cheerfully and contentedly conscious of lined foreheads or bad complexions.

It is true that the face is often a reflex of the mind, but it is, in a measure, no less true that the mind is a reflex of the face.

By Ruth R. Coverdale, M. D., of London.

EVEN the follies and vanities practised by the fair sex—and for so long condemned by the puritanical as snares of the Evil One—are being analyzed by scientific authorities and—wonder of wonders—found to be beneficial to physical health and a tonic for the mind.

Thus the rouge pot and the powder puff—all the vanities of the "make-up" box are no longer to be execrated, but, on the contrary, their daily use with freedom and confidence is recommended. This painstaking operation before the mirror has a value similar to the constant and careful inspection which the locomotive engineer gives to the complicated machine in his charge—enabling him to remedy any deficiencies before they become fatal defects.

The human body is a very complicated and delicate piece of living machinery to which the civilized and enlightened give more and more care in every detail. In appearance, the face is first to show deterioration from age and from local ailments. Therefore, the face requires extra attention—massage with wholesome unguents to keep flesh and skin firm and smooth, and while one is about it, deft touches with implements and materials of the "make-up" box to heighten points of beauty—which nature furnished and then neglected—will brighten the spirits and enliven the mind with a worthy sense of appearing to the best possible advantage among one's fellow women.

Making up, is, indeed, essential to the happiness of some women. A girl who has some slight personal

Miss Olive MacLeod, Who Penetrated the Savage Heart of Africa to Decorate Her Murdered Lover's Grave.



"It Seemed as Though the Spirit Hand of Her Murdered Betrothed Was Leading Her, Directing Her Progress Across Streams and Through Jungles."

awaiting Miss MacLeod's detailed report of her experiences and discoveries, among the latter being the great falls of the Mao Kabi, in French Ubangi, which the French officials promptly named in her honor "Les Chutes MacLeod."

Yet this and other triumphs of African exploration were merely incidental to Miss MacLeod's real purpose in undertaking the hazardous journey—to do reverence to the memory of her explorer lover, the late Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, who was murdered a year ago by natives near Wadal in the French Congo.

It was a motive similar to that which incited another young woman of equally gentle and retiring natural disposition—Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard—to penetrate unknown, frozen Labrador, where her husband succumbed to cold and starvation in 1903, seeking to solve what seemed to her the mystery of his death. She, too, returned to find herself in the front rank of women explorers. There is still another coincidence. Both of these devoted young women, after receipt of news of the death of their loved ones, had dreams—amounting almost to visions—of the dear dead appealing to them from their lonely resting places, pleading for the comfort of a last farewell at graves where those intrepid spirits lingered in torturing unrest.

Miss Olive MacLeod is the daughter of Sir Reginald MacLeod, late Permanent Under Secretary for Scotland, whose beautiful country place is Vinters Park, near Maidstone, in the county of Kent. It was here that Miss MacLeod and Lieutenant Boyd Alexander were betrothed shortly before he started on his last

Foreign Office received advices that Lieutenant Alexander had been murdered by natives who were at war with the French in the French Congo. Some weeks later a further account was received from Jose Lopez, who, with the Lieutenant, was separated from the main body of the expedition at the time of the murder.

Lopez recovered the Lieutenant's body from the natives, who regretted their treachery, the explorer having been shot from behind while proceeding through a native village under Chief Tama's promise of immunity. Lopez buried the body, marked the grave carefully, and then, with others of the expedition, started back to England.

Miss MacLeod, in her quiet country home in Kent, was nearly prostrated by the terrible news. Only her closest friends knew what it was that suddenly changed her aspect of uncontrollable grief to that of quiet resolution—those dreams already mentioned here, in which were vividly pictured her lover's spirit pleading for her farewell presence at his lonely jungle grave.

She had resolved to respond to that dream-call. Quietly, without any announcement except to her sympathetic family, she prepared herself for the dangerous expedition and sailed for the mouth of the Niger, where she had arranged for her only white companions to meet her, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Talbot, Mr. Talbot being one of the District Commissioners in Nigeria.

Both from the sentimental and the scientific viewpoints, Miss MacLeod's journey of practically 4,000 miles in the wildest part of Africa was successful. Regarding the former, Miss

hand of her murdered betrothed was leading her, directing her progress across streams and through jungles.

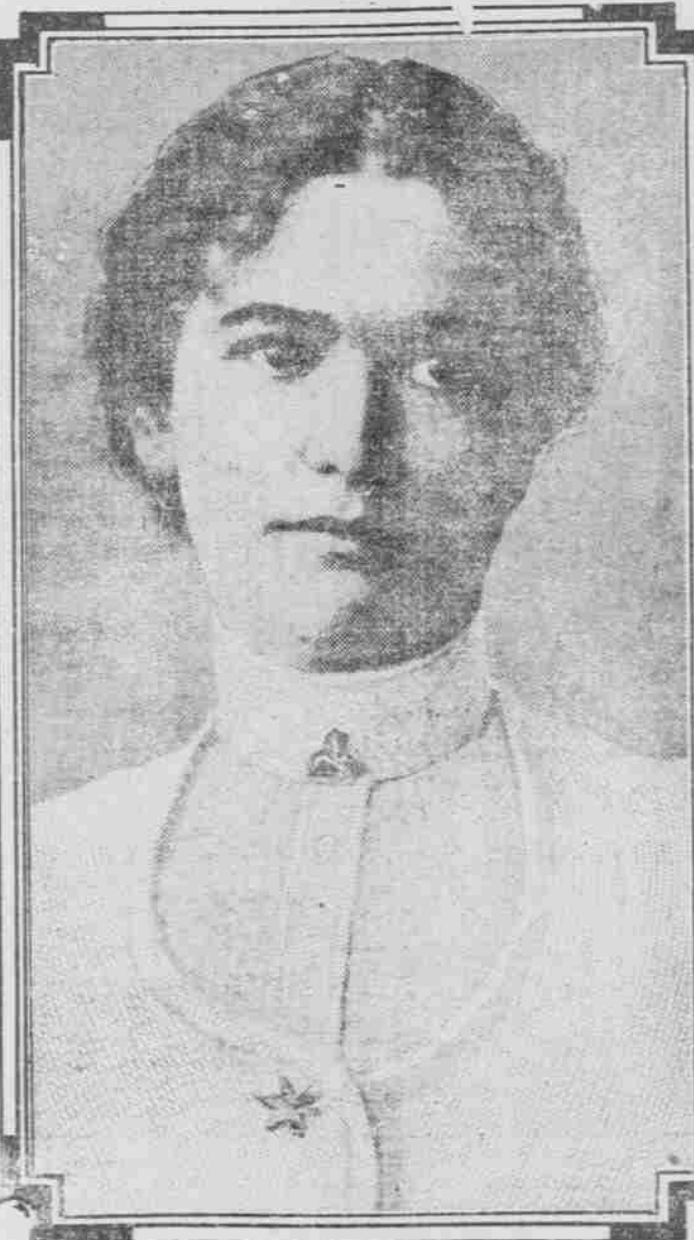
Arrived at the village, the party halted, and Miss MacLeod completed her mission alone. Her white companions pictured her in their minds following the astral figure of her dead lover, her hand in that ghostly one, to the little hillock rudely marked as the grave of Lieutenant Alexander, beside which she knelt in prayer and then decorated with the wreath of English flowers which she had carefully preserved during all the vicissitudes of that long journey.

From that hour she was a genuine and an enthusiastic explorer, fired with desire to add to the world's knowledge of that almost forbidden country.

Speaking of her experiences with the natives, Miss MacLeod said: "From start to finish we never experienced the slightest difficulty with them, although many of the tribes we visited were wild and contained people the great majority of whom were little known and certainly had never seen a white woman. At first they ran away, but afterward returned, and their chief excitement seemed to be caused by the appearance of our hair."

During her journey Miss MacLeod collected a large number of curios, which included many quaint musical instruments, while typical examples of music were taken down.

A botany collection of several thousand specimens, including grasses, has been sent to the British Museum, and a number of birds, beasts and reptiles, including two fine lion cubs, to the London Zoo.



Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Who Explored Frozen Labrador to Solve the "Mystery" of Her Husband's Death.



Two Lion's Cubs Which Miss MacLeod Brought Home for the London Zoo.